

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Check What You're Listening To"

[verse 1]

The Black falling down, its goin down
No subject matter, I dont hear it goin around
Minds over matter, they don't mind cause
We dont matter, DJ Lord's on the platter
Cant shake this, the gott-damn matrix
Got actors winning politics, the tricks
Got hot chicks in the back of of wack ass rap flicks
 Called videos (hoooo)
 Turn off the got-damn radio
Cause they dont show yall what yall need to know
 Cant fade it though, Lord don't fade it yo
 Year of the Lord, make love fuck war tour
 After before 2004, I swore
 Dj Lord come bust down the door
 Los Angel-less, New Jack Pity
They say fuck the sticks cause they be the city
 Homeless sitting outside smellin shitty
Thanks for not giving a got-damn thing pretty
So called land of plenty, can't spare a penny
 It's the have nots against the haves,
 Is you wit me?

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[verse 2]

You might be cuttin tracks
 But he's cuttin edge
The sword of Lord high like Phil Upchurch
 Through the verse, the truth hurts
From the aftermath of that sonic autograph
 Lord, don't make him mad
 So I spit, how loud you want it to get?
 Cold sweat.
2005 flicks, new trips through dirty beats
 Hits and all those bass kicks
 Lookout yall,
 Cmon, cant forget to kick this
If the shoe fits get with the ramblin wreck
 Check it, to stomp out
All dem nitwits Chuck D stylin
 Don't you know where?
 On the new Buckwhylin
 Cross the Land, cause the band
Hits the fans, watch them all SLAM the jam
 Yes they can can, beware the man
 Take a stand yall, wreck the plan

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[verse 3]

One foot stuck in the rave
Millennium dance craze
Cross fade to the new phase
Like the old days, twisted in convoluted systems
Existed in the beats of wisdom existance
Cross the Land, cause the band
Hits the fans, watch them all SLAM the jam
Illegal beats, frisk him
Find not a pop thing with him
Multi-ethnic like a prism
Cant hear this?
You in audio prison
Hands be whizzin, cross the wax
Movin tracks from across the tracks
Through your mind he attacks, DJ Lord.
Scratch the gospel, tell them wack ass beats
They can go to hell, 'ding'
The rave bell
See the crowd swell, got even when the needle fell
Still heard them cuts over the yell!
Through the verse, the truth hurts
From the aftermath of that sonic autograph
Mr Chuck, DJ Lord attack the tracks
Yall CHECK WHAT YOU LISTENING TO....